



The BULLET



Vol. XI. STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE, FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1938 No. 9

Construction Of First Church Is Explained

Interesting And Inspiring Speech By Rev. Ambler

At the convocation sponsored by the Junior class on Wednesday evening, February 9, the Reverend Mr. Ambler, from Trinity Episcopal Church, gave a most interesting historical talk on the tabernacle of God. Reverend Ambler illustrated his talk with a blackboard drawing of the tabernacle as outlined in the Bible. He vividly described the construction, various parts and outstanding features of the tabernacle, comparing it to our body. Our bodies, he pointed out, are also temples of God. Other features of the tabernacle may be compared with our modern churches and religious symbols.

Reverend Mr. Ambler is both an educational and an entertaining speaker, and his talk was most interesting.

Another feature on the evening's program was the delightful music presented by Miss Virginia Jones. Miss Jones sang Victor Herbert's immortal song "Sweetheart" from "Maytime." As an encore, she sang "How Can I Leave Thee?"



DOROTHY COOK

College Glee Club Plans Broadcast

Miss Clarice Taylor, president of the College Glee Club, has announced that the Glee Club is planning an active program for the spring, consisting of several performances.

A concert is planned, similar to that given at Christmas. The Club is planning to render a program over station W. R. V. A. in Richmond, Virginia. They will also furnish the music for the Baccalaureate Service and Commencement program in June.

Rehearsing For Dramatic Club Benefit Play

Rehearsals for the dramatic club benefit play, "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" are now in full swing. The cast of the play has been selected out of a group of over forty students. The leading role of "Amy" will be played by Dorothy Cook, freshman. Though a newcomer to the stage of S. T. C., Dorothy has had extensive experience in the field of dramatics, having participated in plays all through high school years. Miriam Carpenter, president of the Dramatic Club, who has proved her ability in portraying character parts, will take the difficult role of Alice. Colonel Grey will be played by Leighton Stevens, an actress who has developed the art of being an actor. The remainder of the cast consists of Ann Smith as Steve, Barbara Vall as Ginevra, Ellen Baab as Cosmo, June Stoll as Richardson, Josephine Ewing as the nurse, and Bertha Shapleigh as the maid.

"Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" will be presented under the direction of Boyce Loving, director of the Department of Dramatic Arts. Staging and management will be handled by the Dramatic Club and the class in Play Production.

The performance will be held on Friday, March 4.



MIRIAM CARPENTER

5 Seek Office As Head Of Student Government

Election Is To Be Held In The Near Future

The student body unanimously accepted five nominees for Student Government President of 1938-39 Monday evening, February 7, in Seacobeck dining hall. Miss Louise Otley presented the list of nominees, including the Misses Mary Alston Burgess, Virginia Anderson, Jeanne Johnson, Elizabeth Wilson and Charlotte Booker.

Miss Burgess holds the office of vice-president of Student Council for 1937-38. Aside from this she is an active member of the Battlefield staff and Alpha Phi Sigma.

Miss Anderson is the House President of Custis and is a member of the Athletic Association, Science Club, and Leaders Club.

Miss Johnson is the president of the Junior Class and is a member of the Glee Club, English Club, Leaders Club, and Cotillion Club.

Miss Wilson is the House President of Virginia Hall and is a member of the Riding Club, English Club, Leaders Club, and Athletic Association.

Miss Booker is the Junior representative to Council. She's a member of the English Club, Science Club, Athletic Association, Home Economics Club, and German Club.

"Mary Washington College"

---Reasons Why We Want Our Name Changed

Senate Bill No. 14 grants the State Teachers College at Fredericksburg the privilege of changing its name to "Mary Washington College." This bill was amended in the Schools and Colleges Committee of the Senate, permitting Harrisonburg to change its name to Madison College. This bill was further amended in the Senate committee to permit the State Board of Education to authorize the changing of names of other State Teachers Colleges located at Radford and Farmville if, as, and when they desire it.

On Monday, February 7, the bill unanimously passed the Senate. The bill is now before the House and action is to be taken very soon.

The proponents of the bill have many good reasons for wishing the change in the name of State Teachers College at Fredericksburg to Mary Washington College.

The reasons may be listed as follows:

(1.) In order to honor Mary, the Mother of George Washington, whose life was closely identified with the community. Her home and tomb, as well as the home of her only daughter and the boyhood home of her illustrious son, are in Fredericksburg and can be seen from the college campus;

No more appropriate name possibly could be selected for a woman's college than MARY WASHINGTON, whose life and character were interwoven with the destiny of her son and, in turn, with the destiny of her country, and it would serve as an inspiration to the young women attending the institution;

In seeking a great woman and a Virginian for whom to name the institution, we found one at our front door upon whom the eyes of past generations have been drawn, and on whom the admiration of the coming ages is sure to rest. It is

more than a patriotic honor that we have chosen Mary, the Mother of George Washington;

Research does not reveal that any other college in the world bears the name of Mary Washington. Little enough has been done to honor the name of this great woman who, in all fairness, may be regarded for all time as the first Mother of the Land.

(2.) The proposed name is more in conformity with the type of service the institution has been rendering for the past several years. In the absence of a State College for Women in Virginia and co-education at the University, this college has been forced to expand its offerings so as to provide for the young women of Virginia an opportunity for broad and liberal culture, and for training in certain specialized fields of vocational, professional, and technical work, as well as teaching, thus enabling many young women to prepare themselves more thoroughly and harmoniously for their modern dual capacity of wage-earner and homemaker than otherwise would be possible;

Hundreds of young women in Virginia who cannot afford to attend private colleges or who, for some reason prefer a State institution, have been looking to the college at Fredericksburg for a type of training more liberal and less restricted than is offered in a strictly teachers college. Training teachers, therefore, is only one of the major functions performed by this institution; Education is not the largest department in the college at Fredericksburg. Any one of six other departments, namely, business, music, science, English, history, and health and physical education, has more students enrolled than there are in the education courses. Even in the degree courses leading to teaching, only 27 hours out of 192 are required (See COLLEGE Page 5)

Dr. Young Receives Honors For Book

On February 4, word came to Dr. W. J. Young of the faculty of the College from the British Museum, requesting two copies of "The Bristol Youngs In America," published last fall. The request is for their Bureau of Historic Records. At least four state historical societies have also ordered copies of this limited, private edition. The author is continuing his line of studies into the history of the Colonial Period between 1725 and 1775, that "least known and least studied period of the Colonial Era."

Commercial Club Holds Enjoyable Social Event

The Commercial Club gave a banquet for its members on February 10, at the Stratford Hotel. The affair was in charge of Miss Evelyn Bickers, who is the president of the organization. The dining room of the hotel was decorated in Valentine fashion.

Miss Bickers gave the welcoming address to the guests, after which dinner was served. Miss Clara Harrell entertained the guests with a vocal rendition, "Smiling Through," accompanied by Miss Varina Britt at the piano.

The address of the evening was given by Mr. Jerre Willis, a prominent lawyer in the city of Fredericksburg. The speaker was introduced by Dr. Dodd, head of the Commercial Department of the college.

The invited guests of the evening were the faculty members who are teachers of Commercial subjects in this school.

There were one hundred and thirty persons attending the banquet.

No spot in the British Isles is more than 80 miles from the sea.

S.T.C. Sextette Appreciated Highly At Fort Belvoir

Dear Editor:

People at Fort Belvoir who attended the "aloha" program given there recently as a farewell reception to Colonel John R. Wright, who leaves for Hawaii, have been unanimous in declaring that the stellar attraction was the S. T. C. Sextette.

The audience, which included all ranks from privates to colonels, was pleased not only by the beautiful music of six lovely girls, but because on a program that was not strictly religious these students of a modern college reflected something in their manner that surpasses physical beauty, personality or charm—and that something is genuine Christian (See SEXTETTE Page 2)

Class Of 1937 Is To Hold Reunion

The Class of 1937 is planning a reunion to be held on the Hill in the near future, the exact date is as yet indefinite; however it will be held either in the latter part of February or the beginning of March.

Miss Alice Phillips, the president of the 1937 senior and the 1936 Junior class is in charge of notifying the alumnae.

The Class, an outstanding one while in college, pledged to make their reunion the largest and the best ever held at the college.

Definite plans for entertainment have not yet been made.

"Little Georgie"

---With Which Miss Ruth Cheshire Breaks Into Print

Little Georgie saw his chance. Now he could be himself for a short time. Everyone knew he was the bestest of the best. He couldn't tell a lie. Though he ran through his head (his cute little blond head). He would. He wouldn't. He would. He wouldn't. He would. Yes, he would. He wanted to—and now, the little boys around the corner couldn't call him a sissy anymore.

So Georgie "snuk" out of the house. Quickly and quietly. Oh! so quietly. He would perform the "perfect" crime. His chance had come and nothing was going to stop him.

He ran as quickly as his little legs would carry him to a rather large cluster of trees (sometimes called forests) (sometimes called woods) and sometimes called other things, but that's neither here nor there. Any-

way he reached the forest and headed for the east portion of that little forest. He hoped against hope that it was still there. If anyone had forgotten anything. And he hadn't forgotten his hatchet. (No, it was I who forgot to mention it—"Scuse me).

Anyway! He did it! Yep! By Golly. He went right ahead and chopped down that beautiful cherry tree. There it lay. So pitiful! But he wasn't going to get soft-hearted. No—not little Georgie! He didn't either.

Except when his father said, "Georgie, what have you done? Georgie was confused. (Imagine Georgie being confused) He couldn't lie—it would put a black mark on his clean white slate. Then he remembered he'd broken his slate the night before. So he lied.

THE BULLET

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1938

A Matter Of Policy

Hand in hand with the changes evident in this publication, are changes not so obvious to the casual reader. Fundamental among these stands the matter of policy. In order to create a clearer understanding among members of the faculty, students, and all those interested in THE BULLET, we of the staff have seen fit to formulate four principles, which we intend to uphold to the best of our ability.

First: THE BULLET is to contain news of interest to the College—the students, the faculty, the administration, the alumnae and everyone interested in the welfare of this institution.

Second: The Editorial Staff of THE BULLET reserves all rights concerning the material printed in the paper, which includes the right to limit the space due an article, and to rewrite material to fit the style of the paper. This applies to all contributions to THE BULLET regardless of their authorship.

Third: THE BULLET is to be kept as a newspaper which encourages all types of journalistic writing. Due to the lack of a magazine or any other publication on the campus, the staff deems it advisable to encourage all types of literary efforts rather than adhering only to straight news.

Fourth: THE BULLET is to be carried on as an unlimited means for the expression of public opinion. Through this we hope that the publication may mean more to the student body in particular. We feel that the newspaper should be the one tool of the students in swaying public opinion to obtain the policies they desire on the campus.

Washington . . . And Philosophy

by Mary Agnes Repass

As the time draws near for the celebration of the birthday of the Father of our Country, I wonder if we can't stop just long enough to realize that the birthday of so great a patriot should mean more to us, as college girls, than a mere holiday. It is so easy for us to awake on this day of all days, to be swept along with the joy and pleasure of living, and to let the time go by oblivious of its meaning to us and to our country.

Two hundred and six years ago a tiny boy came into the world. There was nothing particularly unusual about him. He breathed and lived, and experienced the joys and sorrows of any normal boy of his time. But as years passed, the life of that budding young patriot changed. As he grew in strength and wisdom, he became keenly aware of the needs of the country that he loved so dearly and in doing so, adopted as his



S. T. C. Optimism

What'll I do when I'm through a school?...Oh?...I don't know... Why should I worry about that now? After all, this is only my FIRST year at being a senior. I'm counting on at least five more!

...And then? Well, I always wanted to be an opera star or a hula hula dancer in a side show. Then I thought costume designing... but somehow Vogue and Harper's seem to struggle along fairly well without me. I'm used to it now. Then there are the movies, but they say movie stars work their heads off and only last five years at best...I don't know...

But, there's always marriage! That's something good and substantial. Maybe I'll just get married after all! The more I think of it, the more I think I will!! No lessons, no office, no hard work... "just coffee in the morning and kisses every night." Of course there'll be a few dishes, but I won't mind that. Two people can't mess up but so many dishes, and one can always buy paper plates if things get too, too laborious! Yes, I think I'll get married!!

A Senior.

Friday

Dear Doris:

I just had to enclose a friendly note. The "Bullet" is excellent this year. Keep up the good work and

This'n That's

From Here'n There

Remember Anna Lee Spitler of Luray? Well, at present she is going to the Washington School for Secretaries and from the Anna Lee we remember, she'll make a good one.

Sue McGee surely disappointed the Bullet Staff by not getting her diamond in time to make the dead-line for the Valentine Special, but have you seen it? It's sparkling, its dymonic, and genuine! He lives near Purcellville, so someday Otley will have her erstwhile room-mate for a neighbor.

To A Polished Floor

by Dolly Ziegler

Sometimes I wonder
Just how hard you are.
You look so bright,
And I can see my face
On your shiny surface
Even from afar.

You're like an echo.
I look at you
And you look back.
Now I'm so warm and soft
I'll bet way down beneath
That polished face of yours,
You're not as hard as that!

you all will have a noteworthy paper. I'm afraid I have no results of my "creative ability." I'm here in Philadelphia as Student Dietitian. I've been here since June 15 and finish in March.

I'm crazy about the work and I'm doing fine. (I think).
Best of luck,
Genevieve Tyson.



"Chicken Little" Lee
In The Days Before
Her Pedagogical Daze

A shocking scene greeted the eyes of the Bullet representative when she went up to interview Miss Mary Ellen Lee, an outstanding member of the Senior class. Sitting tailor-fashion on the floor, surrounded by piles of paper, scissors and other kindergartenish implements, was Miss Lee. She explained that she was hectoring something or other for the first grade she teaches, but it certainly looked as though she were playing paper dolls.

Mary Ellen, a Yankee, hails from Vineland, New Jersey. She is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Dark hair and a dark complexion offer a unusual contrast to her wistful light blue eyes.

Elementary Education is Mary Ellen's major, and from all accounts she's tops in teaching. Her minors are Music and Psychology and she likes them pretty well too.

Miss Lee is very active in various organizations on the campus. Alpha Tau Pi, Alpha Phi Sigma, A. A., and the Glee Club are proud to boast of her membership. Last year she was editor of the college annual, the Battletield.

To go to town on a Saturday night before she graduates is one of Mary Ellen's desires. When asked what things she liked especially, she said, "I just love the steel pier at Atlantic City, cauliflower, and my new curtains with boats on them." Thus it is seen that her interests are very diversified. Mary Ellen could think of only one thing she particularly dislikes and that is a woman's voice over the radio. It just doesn't sound right to her.

In answer to the question, "Do you prefer marriage or a career?", Mary Ellen said, "Well, I'd rather get married and I don't care what he looks like, as long as he's nice. But, then, I guess I'll teach about five years before I make up my mind."

Miss Lee's favorite literary work is Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat."

SEXTETTE

(Continued from Page 1)

character.

Belvoir is indebted to the State Teachers College for sending this group of finely-trained girls whose music and deportment were commended by all who heard them or came in contact with them while they were our guests over the week-end.

During this program, which was given in the old chapel at Fort Belvoir, a campaign for a new chapel was started; and since the school sextette contributed their services to this movement, it is hoped the new chapel may be erected in the near future and that the same group of girls may return for the dedication.

Mrs. H. C. Smith.

True Courage

by Mary Agnes Repass

True courage is one of the most admirable characteristics which we can possess. In order to have true courage we must face life with confidence, believing that all is well and that nothing evil can happen to a good man.

We, of the present generation, live in a free land because men have had the courage to fight and gain freedom for our country. We must not be unworthy of the glory that is ours but, instead, we should be willing to take changes and to endure whatever we have to face.

Our entire lives are a test of our courage. As girls in school, we must have courage to overcome our difficulties and to resist the temptation which confronts us. How often we are tempted to be unfair in our school work! It is extremely difficult to pass in our papers knowing that some of our answers are incorrect and that just a glance or two into the text book or at a near-by paper would increase our knowledge greatly. It requires true courage to resist this temptation and to realize that we would not only be unfair ourselves but to our fellow classmates as well.

We must seize our opportunities with the courage and the determination to go forward. We must not turn back just because life is not a bed of roses; instead, we must hold fast, stand firm, and be strong and of good courage.



Blessings on George Washington! That's the by word of the citizens of would-be Mary Washington College this week-end. Since having such a holiday meant an extra-long stay away from the school, many celebrated and went home. Some, however, had other fish to fry.

Among these is Helen Horowitz, who visits in the home of Dena Katz of Portsmouth.

Virginia Repass will literally fly off to Hampden-Sidney, where she expects to spend a week-end tripping the light fantastic and all manner of variations. What a time!

Charlottesville, as usual, will draw a record crowd of college girls. Some just visit there, others will attend the dances at the University. Bobby Cecil and Sue Wohlford plan to visit in the home of Bobby's sister, Rosemary Rice will go home with Virginia Ward, and Marguerite Wyssor and Zane Brodie are to be guests of the Gillum Twins. The Midwinters will be attended by none other than Lucy Payne, Leonora Weiss, Anne Wheat, Charlotte Ramsburg, and Juanita Lassiter.

Hilda Sager and Alma Darden expect to bestow their presences upon Roanoke's Midwinter dances during the holidays.

Evelyn Beale says that as plans now stand, Louise Gilland will spend the holidays at Windsor Virginia.

Margaret Bagley and Billie Vellines plan to visit friends in Suffolk during the holidays. That Suffolk, whew! It'll be an eventful place.

Kilmarnock will indeed be fortunate if Mary Lee Pittman takes that Georgia Accent, Margaret Tigner, home with her.

Marguerite Jennings plans to spend the holiday in Philadelphia visiting her mother.

Virginia Flske will scoot down to Staunton to visit friends at Mary Baldwin. Jinny went to Mary Baldwin last year.

Bernice Salasky plans to run in on Petersburg and visit Sophia Wice.

Those North Carolinians, Sara Mae Viverette and Martha Price Jenkins, plan to pick up their heels and go back home to the Tarheel State during the holidays. Won't Rocky Mount be glad!

Wanda Newby and Loree Richmond plan to wanda up to Washington. I Wanda how Washington'll feel with Richmond within its city limits?

There are meters of accent
There are meters of tone
But the best way to meter
Is to meter alone.
There are letters of accent
There are letters of tone
But the best way to letter
Is to letter alone.

PECK'S RESTAURANT

HOME COOKING AT
REASONABLE RATES

PECK'S TAVERN

RATES—\$1 Per Person

Beauty-Rest Mattress

\$1 Without Bath—\$1.50 With

Charlotte Booker Rides Again

It was a lovely morning. The rain outside was pelted down. The walks were submerged in ice and Charlotte "Scootie" in books, notebooks, mail, gym suit and package, was likewise submerged. As has been said, it was a lovely morning. Lovely because Will had just written her that all was okay dokey and that he'd be up—but that's beside the point. To get on with the story. Scootie was late. The bell had already rung and even now the teacher was probably calling the roll. Suddenly out of the storm of thought Scootie came out of sub-consciousness and awoke to the occasion. Sneakers maybe, just the thing for gripping a gymnasium floor and they may be efficient on dry ground, but just try running on a nice slick icy walk and the story turns out much differently and isn't half so dry.

At any rate, Charlotte started to run. Started too is just what I mean for after the first two steps there was no need for regular motion. The ice had her and KEPT her—kept her skidding. Passed trees, people bricks and what not. Then it happened. The ride came to an "end."

Epic Especially For Eager Egotists Expecting Epistles

by Jean Robertson

Bell rings
Pick up things
Post office
Empty crate
Hurry back
Time lack
Campus cut
Trip in rut
Skid in class
As usual are last
Teacher's stare
Struggle for air
Asked to recite
Comply with fright
When get it right
Head goes light
Time drags on
Until the gong
To P. O. roped
With renewed hope.

YOU

Dedicated to Miss Juanita Stokes by
One of Her Devoted Pupils

You are the one I love.
You are the memory bright
That in my heart is tucked away
So very, very tight.

You are my only dreams,
You are my priceless pearls.
In my heart there stays a picture
Of you and your golden curls.

You are the breezes and winds.
All my heart longs for is you.
You are the flowers and trees.
You are the one I'd give the world
to.

You are the grass and the sun.
You are the skies above.
All I can say, my dear is—That
You are the one I love.

OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT

Fredericksburg - Va.

AIR-CONDITIONED

We Invite You and Your
Guest to Dine With Us

Crime Doesn't Pay

by Jean Robertson

Here, my son, is a hatchet for thee,
But pray don't cut down my cherry tree.

Chop and chop to your heart's content,
But my cherry tree don't dare to dent.

Georgie went out, and walked down the lane.

And the leaves from the oak trees fell like rain.

But in his mind a little voice said,
"Cut down the cherry tree, don't be afraid."

At last temptation proved his master

And the result of his act was stark disaster.

When proud father went out to view his tree,

And saw it down, he was mad as could be.

He bristled and growled and yelled for the knave

Who was finally found retreating in a cave.

"George, did you do it?" was his father's cry.

And George responded, "I cannot tell a lie."

The ensuing events involved strong willows

And George thereafter was forced to wear pillows.

But though his pain was sore and sorry,

His conscience was clear for not telling a story.

Now he disobeyed, and that is true,

But he also admitted it, as not all will do.

And though 'tis best to keep out of trouble,

If you lie about it, the sin is double.

Hints From Hester

Dear Hester:

If a boy kisses you on your first date what is the best stand to take? Green Gertie.

Dear Green Gertie:

Well, remember that old saying, "Turn the other cheek."

Dear Hester:

Johnny writes me what might be termed real love letters and I know he is sincere. I love him also and would really like to answer accordingly, but do you think this is wise?

I. M. Troubled.

Dear I. M. Troubled:

Not that your sentiment might not be sincere at the moment, but it is always wise to consider how your letter would sound if read aloud to a snickering male audience or in a courtroom. A fitting salutation for letters of intimate detail is "Dear Johnnie and Gentlemen of the Jury."

HILLTOP BEAUTY

by Dolly Ziegler

High on a hilltop
Sitting on the world,
Is a place where God made
Beautiful girls.

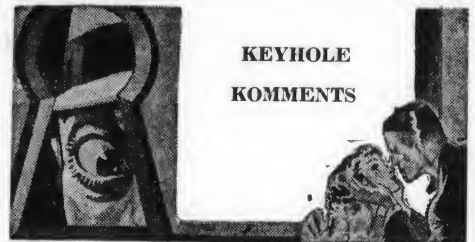
Here you see the handwork
Of an artist true:
Blond hair, black hair,
Eyes of brown and blue.

Every size and type
Of feminine pulchritude,
Shine at S. T. C.
In flaming magnitude.

ULMAN'S

Lifetime
JEWELRY

903 MAIN STREET
Fredericksburg - Va.



KEYHOLE KOMMENTS

Just now everyone's so terribly busy,

With aching brains (?) all in a tizzy,

Their nerves get tense, their speech gets snappy,

And everyone seems so unhappy—The professors, that seem to cause it all

Have papers to grade, their numbers appall—

So they can't be cheerful either, you see,

It's a fearful situation indeed, to me!

To see everyone in such a stew,
And frankly, doesn't it bother you?

Our own prize case of the absent-minded professor was that of Mr. Faulkner and his escapade of last week. Being accustomed to walking over from his home to his classes, he decided to vary the procedure slightly, so he backed out his roadster and drove over in style. During the morning a shower downpoured and kept downpouring. Mr. Faulkner was indeed chagrined that he had to get wet. He walked on home in the rain, and after lunch decided to ride back to his afternoon classes. Much to his surprise, the car wasn't in the garage! He walked over, discovered his parked car, and drove home that afternoon, the sun beaming derisively down on his poor addled head.

Margaret Ashby and Bid Bodwell will get mail, even if Valentine's Day is over. Sometimes this mail takes peculiar forms, though. It's this way. Being sorta bereft of mail one day, both these lasses decided to give the manufacturers of the country, at least those indiscreet enough to print free coupons in the magazines, a rush. Each guaranteed that she would cause the other to get the more mail before Washington's Birthday. Just now, the race is very interesting, and so are the products!

Dorothy Vernon really shouldn't go visiting so much. She makes such good impressions on people. Its hard on the mails (sp.) and the effect on the towns around here is simply de-mantilizing.

And Andy Andrews is just as bad. When are you going home again, Hazel?

Aren't these people who read "How to Lose Friends and Influence People" taking just a bit too much for granted?

A Commercial Student's Justification
World's Champion Typists don't phase us,

We've plenty of speed if catching the bus,

She can swing that carriage at a mile a minute,

But our carriage on holidays, has a swing in it.

She can shift at a regular rate,

But when holidays come—Speed?—Boy, that's my trait!

Everyone has heard of the Abbey Players, but have many of you heard of the Napoleonic Players? They give your favorite versions of all the leading productions every Saturday night in the auditorium of the third

floor Ball. (The Passing of Third Floor Back will be lamented!)

Ruth Cheshire may be a very nice girl, oh, yes, very very nice! Sometimes she and her suite-mate get to playing a little horsey, and it's a sketch. You better save that money Ruthie, and bribe the Bullet Staff, else your reputation will be ruined. It'll horn in on your "Toots."

An in this same connection, just why do you suppose Hilda Harrell goes around talking about the "Sketch Book" all the time. Is she literary or artistic, or are we off the track altogether?

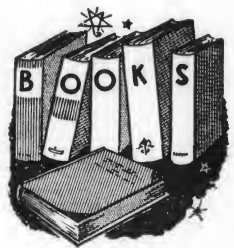
If ever you want to know how to read current periodicals to the best advantage, just ask Lavelle Phipps! She knows just what and what not to do... And some of us are so well read, that we don't need to go to see the MOVIE "True Confession."

Mary Jane Young affirms this fact, That if two A. M. walks you've lacked,

You better try it sometime, its fine!

Izzat so, or is that just a line?

Did Peg Haynie break a heart at the Cotillion dance, or should we make it plural?



I. R. C. Bookshelf

The International Relations Club has recently added a number of new books to its bookshelf. The books were received by the club January 28, from the offices in New York, and have been placed in the library for the use of the club. These books deal with peace, world trade, neutrality and other current international topics.

The list includes:
"The Spanish Tragedy", E. Allinson Peers.

"The Never Failing Light", James H. Franklin.

"Can We Be Neutral?", Dulles and Armstrong.

"World Trade and its Future", Slater.

"A History of the Far East in Modern Times", Harold M. Vinacke.

"What The I. L. O. Means to America", I. Miller.

"Fascism and National Socialism", Michael Flarinsky.

"The Defense of the Empire", Angell.

"The Family of Nations", Butler.

"Is America Afraid?", Hartley.

"Rebuilding Trade—By Tariff Bargaining", George P. Auld.

"Reciprocity", William S. Culbertson.

E. M. TROLAND

Smart Shoes—That's All

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PITT'S COLONIAL

THEATRE

Sputter-Bits . .



THIS weak I dedicate this dead call'em to Jeanne (spelled Jeanne Johnson) because she is just that—intellectually! Jeanne (spelled Jeanne) is that cute "little" junior class president who has received a letter from V. P. I. not many days ago suggesting she look up information concerning the god Janus. Little did Jeanne (spelled just that way) suspect that this certain god was noted for being two faced. That's alright, Jeanne (spelled Jeanne) if I had a face like yours I wouldn't mind having two of 'em! Tell that to the boy friend!

Some people may wonder why or rather who the certain young lady (?) was that passed up a chance to see "Brother Rat" and the Mars-neatter (?) Military Academy for a "Campbell." Well, if people will walk miles for one I guess Mary Overton Kent, "Mo" (to you and me) can pass up thiser and thatter...she can pass it out anyway!!

Jakie Edge has the V. P. I. boys where they have to look at her, or rather the boys have got her where they CAN look at her. Yesserree, Jakie was one of the eight chosen to be honored by the V. P. I. ers in their annual. Seems funny Johnson, Jeanne wasn't chosen as one of 'em seeing as to how the committee must have had at least ten or twelve pictures of Jeanne submitted from ten or twelve different boys.

Milton Graves, May Lawrence's friend, has decided to go southward soon. I understand it was too cool for him around here. Mebbe I'm wrong, so don't quote me on that. ml, ml, ml, what's all this about Henry Garnett and Elizabeth Woodhouse? (E. W. you can blame N. M. for this little sentende). Incidentally LaLa thinks Jeanne the most gorgeouse creature he's ever seen. I agree

with him almost...I thing she's a "creature" alright! 6266"Charlotte "Scootie" Booker can't seem to get away from this "Tale." It happened that Will was here this other week-end and he got so interested in his conversation with Charlotte (Scootie) that he didn't see the pretty blonde coming the other way. At any right or rate, he showed he was a gentlemen for he helped the young blonde pick up all that was in the pocket book he made her spill. ***** ('&—

Get Alice Rife to tell you all about True LoveS! and by the way not speaking uv true luvess, but Mildred Powell has been taking Halibut's liver and oil capsules. I always thought there was something fishy about the weight that gal's been putting on.

Phil Leary should have seen Zilla Rhoades Tuesday. Marie Pritchett went to Annapolis on a blind date. Waited four days to write, finally told the guuy what a good time she'd had. Now tell me why He called her up the other nite to ask her if Barbara Vail was going up to Annapolis? Sounds kind of involved but I guess Marie knows what I mean. Sarah Ann Chandler asked Eleanor Small to give her one of the two diamonds she has. Sara Ann told her that a diamond was all she needed to get married on. She must have small feet!

Mil and Jeanne are going to the dances at Westhampton because they didn't get a bid to the University of Richmond. Besides the dances at W. H. are girl-break, so they figure maybe they'll get "one" this time. Barbara Vail's roommate will pinch hit for Barbara at the Cotillion club dance. Barb's going to Annapolis. For Barb's sake, I hope she doesn't pinch too hard or make too big a hit!

Virginia Fiske and Dick...***** Oh yes, don't let the president of Alpha Tau Pi kid you. The ring she may be wearing soon is not Milton's!! I wonder if she wish it were???

Garns and Hazy certainly looked hazy Saturday night. They were



Devotionals

Mrs. C. L. Bushnell, Dean of Women, is continuing the series of talks on Current Events at Vespers on Monday evenings. All students are invited to attend.

Mr. W. Mayo Smith, teacher of the college girls' Sunday School class at the Presbyterian Church, was the speaker at Devotionals on Sunday February 6. His subject was "Prayer."

dressed fit to kill...chickens! Anderson, Leo, Timberlake and who was the other one? well, at any rate they were hiking Sunday afternoon and slept all Sunday evening... Physical Ed majors at that!

If you see Virginia Anderson and Peg Haynie looking at you queerly, don't be alarmed. You haven't any ink on your face or runs in your stockings, they're just looking for May court material.

Who is the cutest girl on the campus? After talking with N. M.; M. O. K. and J. J. I discovered that N. M. thinks she is; that M. O. K. thinks she is and that J. J. thinks every else thinks she is. Some one must be mistaken. I wouldn't know who.

Maude Ray Smith, "The Mutt," did a lot of barking Sunday night when the "Napoleonic Players" "played" in her room; but it sort of looks as though she was going to be one of them now. Wonder who'll do the barking now (in the room).

Ethel Hartman, "Squeeze" Dosch and "Hook" Goodwin had a party the other night. Remes furnished the entertainment and Ethel, "Spike" Hartman and "Squeeze," the food.

Bill easily eased out of the swimming pool and went off with Chris and Libba. Wonder where they went?

Wibby Wilson's one ambition these days is to be a reporter. Wibby believes she'd make a good one. She's had a lot of experience... (World Lit—doncha know?) (Wibby didn't)

"Thank you "X" for the anonymous letter giving me information concerning a couple of chums. If any of you "dears" want to see your friends' names in here or yours too, for that matter, just stick the "dope" in Box 211. I'll gladly mix it in with this hash.

Hash all!
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Designed by Remes

"Geraldine's a Jester" Is General Gist Of Fashion Suggestion

The temperature has dropped which really wasn't very nice of it but, we assure you, we can meet any situation. As a matter of fact, we're rather glad because we saw a dress the other day that was really darling, but not quite suitable for the fickle thing called the weather. Anyway a cold wind blew up from the North, or maybe it was from the East, and, quick like a bunny, we thought of that little number again.

We quickly collected our staff (which was a little difficult because they were all over the place) and they set to work like the disciplined squad that they are. After a little trouble with Gerlie who wanted to leave because Dinah told her she was very repulsive looking, we really got under way. The result, as you can see, is Geraldine, and we don't think she's a bad result, at that! Geraldine is our favorite model (perhaps because she is our only one) and she's apt to pop up anywhere. She tells us confidentially that she liked this dress best of all the ones she had ever worn. Coming from Geraldine this is no mean compliment.

The name of this elegant concoction is "Court Jester" and even if the dress weren't particularly appealing, we just couldn't resist that name. It has a certain flavor that

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calls up nimble clowns, tumbling head-over-heels to make big, jolly kings laugh—but there we go—off again! We really do talk too much! First of all, the colors—a rather unique combination of "plum" and "gold." The "plum" is mostly red but has just the tiniest hint of a purple undertone. The "gold" is as rich, and warm as sunshine, and amber, and the inside of a pirate's treasure chest couldn't make it better. Rather nice, eh?

The material, we think is perfect. "What," we ask in a supercilious tone of voice, "Could be better than a soft, thin, fuzzy rabbit's wool?" "Nothing, of course! And you're quite right. It's not too heavy, yet it's not too light. It's not too wintery nor too summery. We're not trying to drum up business, but really, if only you could see this dress we KNOW you'd order at least a half a dozen (one anyway).

We've told you all about the color and the material (even though you didn't ask us) and now we're going to tell you about the dress itself. Bear with us as long as you can. We don't think you'll be sorry. If you ARE we'll take all the responsibility, but try to be charitable. We really ARE trying awfully hard.

The material is so arranged that it affords an interesting contrast of the two colors. The bodice is made with the "plum" down the center and the "gold" at the sides. The sleeves are as striped as a zebra's back. When you arrive at the skirt the whole thing is reversed so you're pleasantly dizzy. The effect is really rather entertaining and very different. All you need to carry it off is a slim figure, and a dashing air, which isn't half as demanding as it sounds. Come! Come! girls! Don't be so modest! It won't get you anywhere.

We've been saving the best 'til last, though we're nearly bursting with pride, and simply dying to tell you.

The collar is made of little petals alternately "plum" and "gold" and, at the very tip of each point, is a tiny silver bell which tinkles when you walk, or shrug your shoulders, or, when a wind is blowing. The bells just make the merest whisper of a sound and they look adorable. The sleeves, too, come to a little peak and each of these is capped with another bell. Just think of the fun you'll have in calling attention to your "plum" colored nails, or, in fluttering your hands appealingly to the accompaniment of a melodious jingle. Really, there are all sorts of possibilities.

When you walk gaily, down the street with a little velvet cap on the back of your head and a pair of nice, neat shoes, clicking busily along, you'll be very proud and conscious of the fact that you've done it again. Your home town will be agape. The campus will be astutter. We will be flabbergasted. We didn't know we had it in us. We'll try again next week.

Chinaman's Definition Of A Teacher

Teachie, teachie,
All day teachie,
Night markie papers.
Nervie creeple,
No one kisse,
Poor old maldie,
No one lovie.

—Exchange.

If George Washington was such An honest man, why did they Get in the habit of closing The banks on his birthday?

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BABBIE

Mitchell Forrest Luck

The softly luxurious beauty parlor is filled with the subdued buzz of operators giving shampoos, finger waves, manicures, permanent waves; of the girls talking tactfully to the not-so-youthful ladies, more frankly with the younger ones, and, withal, keeping a sharp eye for the return of the customer, as Miss Louise has told them in her talks, which she thought it her duty as manager to give.

When the phone rings, Miss Louise answers, and it's a lady asking for an appointment with Babbie. So many people ask for Babbie that when Miss Louise gets mad with her, she has to stop and remind herself of the trade Babbie brings in. Miss Louise herself is a human dynamo, red-haired, forty-five; thin, charged with energy, so different from Babbie.

"Manicure right away? Certainly. In just a few minutes." Miss Louise whirls down to the second booth. She shoots at Babbie: "Can you work in a manicure as soon as you finish this wave?"

Babbie fingers the wave she's giving before she answers. It's a habit she has that Miss Louise says nearly drives her frantic. And she never answers right off; she waits a while, with that far-off expression in her shadowy brown eyes.

"Well, I suppose so. I'll try, anyway."

Babbie's waves don't stay in, really, as long as Miss Carle's, who used to work in a big hotel and never lets you forget it. And sometimes Babbie's polish is smeared. Why, then, you ask, is she always booked up?

I'll tell you this: There's something very restful about Babbie. She's pretty, not strikingly, but in a soft, easy-going way, with her big, dark eyes, her long brown hair that she wears tucked in a bun at the nape of her neck, her rounded figure, and her slow, methodical way of moving her body. She has a way of saying, "Is that so?" with just enough that your opinion comes from a great mind. Then she remarks gently that a lemon rinse would "sort of" bring out the luster of your hair this time, and never mentions that new wrinkle at the corner of your eye, or that patch of gray around your temple.

But Miss Louise says that Babbie has no human feelings, that she's positively curious, the way she jogs along, taking things as they come, never getting excited over a thing; and that if the building were afire, she'd probably get her hat before she went down the fire escape. "She's the limit, that kid is," Miss Louise will grumble. "Wonder what she thinks about—if anything."

Well, she doesn't—unless she can't help it. That's her main desire, not to think. Let me tell you:

It was five years ago, when Babbie was a very rosy, very animated girl of nineteen, that she and Jimmy,

a tall sunburned young man with a grin, were married. Jimmy had a good job so they took a four-room flat. It wasn't such an expensive flat, but it was a place to them. A year later, a prince, Jimmy Junior, took his place, and a mighty important one, in the flat.

Sundays they went out together, just walking and pushing the carriage along in front, for they're saving for a bungalow, with a yard for little Jimmy to play in.

The days flew past so quickly. The baby had his first birthday; his second. It was summer, and the proud little family had taken to driving in their "Used Car" on Sundays, carrying a picnic lunch. It was grand fun, with the breeze sweeping in on them, and the blue sky so bright overhead.

That particular Sunday was not so clear, the sky more gray than blue. Babbie thought they'd better take a stroll in the park, but Jimmy said, "No, that cloud won't amount to much," and flashed that grin at her. So they started out, and almost before they realized it, they were quite far from town.

Babbie got uneasy as the cloud in back of them kept growing in volume. She didn't say anything to Jimmy, and he never noticed until ominous growls started issuing from the sky, and every once in a while jagged forks of lightning pierced the fast-growing darkness. Quickly Jimmy turned the car around and sped toward home. The road was through a mountainous section, with trees bordering on one side and a sheer declivity on the other. Suddenly the rain flooded down, tortured and driven by the mighty wind.

So quickly it happened! Swerving around a turn, they ran straight into a mass of loosened rock. Babbie and the boy were thrown from the car, but Jimmy was mashed against the steering wheel.

Only Babbie was taken to the hospital. The other two were laid in the family burying ground.

Babbie was delirious for a long time. When they finally told her what had happened, she just stared and stared, not taking it in. Even the nurses couldn't bear it; they're hardened, but there's something about Babbie's eyes that gets them.

Maybe she didn't really believe it. Maybe she thought that when she got back to the flat, little Jimmy's arms would once more go around her neck. The first time she went there she wandered into the kitchen. She picked up a vase of dead flowers, and threw them into the wastebasket. Then she went into the bedroom. When her eyes strayed to little Jimmy's blue-and-white bed, made up just as she left it that Sunday, the whole thing seemed suddenly to dawn upon her, and the tears began

to flow for the first time since it happened. She cried and cried and cried. It was the kind of crying you can't bear to hear. It would tear you in two.

Her aunt from the next state came for her, and took Babbie to her own home. She stayed there a while, just sitting out in the autumn sun mostly, hands idle in her lap. No little suits to wash, no dark curls to comb, no sound of a handsome young man with a grin on the steps at evening. When somebody would ask her a question, she would wait a while before answering. Once her aunt asked about visiting the graves, but it affected Babbie so terribly that she knew it was best never to speak of them again.

In the winter she went to New York. She started again to work as she had done before she marched down the aisle with Jimmy, in Miss Louise's beauty shop. She took a room in an old house near the park. It wasn't so bad after she got to know the girls in the shop. They didn't know what to make of her. She was pretty, but had no boy friends, and that was strange to them. They wondered what it was all about, but never a word did they get from Babbie. Sometimes she went to a movie with them, but she'd leave if there were a baby in the picture.

She manages, now, to make the time pass. She works hard at the shop all day, over time if necessary, and hopes she'll sleep at night. She does usually, but there are times when she wakes up to find her pillow wet and her arms shaped to hold little Jimmy.

Another patron, Mrs. Rondifer, bustles in. She's had a heavy morning over on Park Avenue—had to fire the second maid, and the butler lost a calling card.

Mrs. Rondifer has an appointment with Babbie. Babbie puts her in the chair, fastens the apron at her throat with slow, deliberate fingers. Mrs. Rondifer relaxes. The atmosphere is so soothing to one so burdened as herself. As Babbie turns on the warm water and starts rubbing in "the shampoo," Mrs. Rondifer gives a "cital of her woes; the dress that just must be refitted, the difficulties with her maid, Mr. Rondifer's worries about the market.

Mrs. Rondifer likes the reflection from the glass as the wave goes in under Babbie's methodical fingers. She feels better, expansive. "You don't know what worry is," she tells Babbie. "Mr. Rondifer may

NIGHT—

by Mary Agnes Repass

The moonbeams steal so gently Across the star-lit sky, While all about me faintly The timid night owls cry.

I hear a call so sweet and low As it echoes from the hill And then it sinks into the vale below And everything is still.

There is a rustle of the leaves As an owl alights in a tree And then the cool, inspiring breeze Gently refreshes me.

Shadows all about me creep In a quiet, mysterious way And then from afar there seems to peep The opening of the day.

The peace of night comes to an end And I must cease my dreams. The stars no longer bright rays send And the moonlight no longer streams.

COLLEGE

(Continued from Page 1)

in education, and these include philosophy and psychology.

A check-up shows that out of the 500 freshmen who entered this institution last September, approximately only 150 will eventually enter the teaching profession.

(3.) The change in name will encourage donations and endowments from private sources and, we believe, will enable the institution to become even more nearly self-supporting.

(4.) There are four colleges in

have to give up the idea of a new yacht this summer. Goodness, what wouldn't I give to be in your shoes! Young and healthy, and not a care in the world."

Babbie says nothing. Some day Miss Louise will tell her a lot of things, in that quick way of hers, about the way she doesn't answer when a person speaks to her.

DAY DREAM

The sun shines bright and Oh, so warm—
Dancing streamers of light take form
And change to golden butterflies
Of variegated hues and size.

And I'm a heroine—white, demure
Throughout the blare of life—so pure;
A Janet Gaynor with dimpled cheek,
While stalwart he-men my love seek.

Or else a bold sophisticate
Like Crawford, Garbo—I seek my mate;

The clawing tendrils of sordid life
Unsuitly me—a stout hero's wife.

Now through the jungle as Tarzan's mate;
I swing though beasts may growl their hate.

I sneer and scorn their grumbling noise,
My man will crush 'em like celluloid toys.

But now I'm Lombard and goofy as sin,
I sock my handsome sweetheart on the chin,
And he on my schnozzle a beauty does land—

It knocks me out—but ain't love grand?

A hundred thousand a year—have a sigh—
But WHOA! MY NAMES BEING CALLED**OH, MY!

AGAIN! Must I answer? I've changed, alas—

To a frightened freshman in Psychology class.

Virginia with the same name, the only difference being in the name of the postoffice. This leads to a great deal of confusion, particularly since two of them are located in towns that end in "burg". It is not an unusual thing for these institutions to receive each other's mail, and the names are frequently confused in the minds of the public.

(5.) We believe that he change in name will be to the advantage not only of the college at Fredericksburg, but to the other three State Teachers Colleges and to the general educational interests of Virginia as a whole.

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MONTGOMERY WARD

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Class Basketball Games Attract Many To Gym

The first interclass basketball games were played on Saturday night, February 5. The first game was played between the Sophomore and Senior teams, the Sophomore team winning with a score of 9 to 32. The Freshman-Junior game followed, the Juniors being victorious with a score of 31 to 27.

The next games scheduled between classes will be played on Friday night, February 18. The Junior team will play the Sophomore team and the Freshman team will play the Senior team.

"The Firefly" Scores Hit As First Riding Club Benefit

The Riding Club Benefit, which was a moving picture, proved very successful. In addition to the feature, "The Firefly," pictures of last year's horse show were presented, to the great delight of the audience, and especially pleasing to those who appeared in the shots.

Plans for the annual horse show of this year, to be held on Saturday, May 28, are developing rapidly. As usual, all riders will participate in the event, riding with others of corresponding ability.

It is hoped that the Fair Grounds can be procured for the show, so that a grand stand will be available to the audience.

Further plans and announcements will be made at a later date.

The Riding Club In The Rough Shirley Breed likes to post so well that she stays up longer than necessary. Don't take riding so seriously Shirley.

Those two Dickinson girls, Betty and Lucy, are developing into quite capable horse women. Lucy's favorite is Amrett.

It is rumored that Pauline Hewitt treated poor Gin Rickey so badly that the boss is incapacitated for further use.

That little curly-headed blonde freshman (did someone say Gay?) is quite a girl. She can talk and ride at the same time, which is an

accomplishment for a beginning rider, who is usually speechless with fright.

I have heard that people from Alabama take necking quite seriously, but I never heard of them liking their horses so well that they necked with them. Anyway, that's what is told of Georgie Lou and Amrett.

Libby Wilson believes that she can ride so well now that she can keep up with the pace of her mount. Not so long ago, she thought he was going too fast for her so she decided to get off. Nice work if done well.

Rachael Shelton just loves Patchers. In fact, she likes him so well that she will let him go exactly where he pleases.

Mary Estes certainly likes Play Boy. (singular and plural)

Kay Rucker likes to ride so well that she keeps the boy friend waiting while she has a date with Ranger. Grace Hendershot doesn't want her name put in the paper this week, so I shall not put it in.

SCIENCE CLUB

At the last meeting of the Science Club on February 1, the program was on cosmetics and their harm. Tillie Logan was in charge of the program. Others taking part were Lee Wyngate Keith and Margaret Morrison.

The club also discussed getting club pins. The majority of the members voted in favor of having pins and a committee was appointed to consider suitable emblems.

Y. W. C. A.

At the Area meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association on January 30, Maude Rae Smith was selected to serve on the committee in charge of next year's area meeting.

About twenty dollars was donated from this college to the Far Eastern Student Emergency fund. Ten dollars was taken from the Y. W.

Parts Of Letters From Him To Her

This is not a bringing to light the affairs of girls who have a hidden past, nor is it a literary contribution of an underhanded nature. Rather it is intended to be just a few lines from here and there written from him to her. Something very typical of letters received by lots of hers and written by lots of him. The full letters have not been copied for reasons that should be obvious to you. What is copied was with the permission of the receiver—not because of any desire for publicity, but rather to help a poor soul out who was in desperate need of material for a column. I would not think of telling the names of my benefactors, but I do want to take this opportunity to thank Margaret "Grundy" Clark and Charlotte "Scootie" Booker for giving me a "letter."

Should any of you have letters which you think might contain information or contain anything interesting to the general public, won't you send 'em in or ask your roommate to tip me off, if you're afraid I'll think you're conceited if you tell me. Just address a note to The Bullet and I'll see if I can't find it 'midst the editor's mail.

(This extraction is from a letter by W. to M. C. commonly known as "G." from "G"). (Grundy)

Dear Sleeping Beauty:

Thanks for all your noble efforts to get up for the Prom. Thanks for making a swell impression upon all my friends. As long as I live I'll never forget the expression on those porter faces when we climbed over those suitcases. I wish you all the luck in the world in your swimming match... It sounds kind of silly for a big lug like me to be writing poetry but the letter sounds so formal that I thought it might add a human touch.

Waiting for Spring
Walter.

It was a night for reminiscing
A dance for a new affair
And so my thoughts turned to kissing
To see if you still might care.

But my true love played me false
She left the stary skies
To dance to the strains of a dreamy waitz
And kiss me with her eyes.

Now other loves have kissed in play
But none have saved for my surprise
The look that haunts me night and day
Like that look in your own eyes.

(This part of this column was taken from a letter received by a certain C. "S". B. It came directly after a quarrel between "S" and Will... The poem was written by Edna St. Vincent Millay but it seemed to fit the occasion so I am sending it

treasury and the other \$10 was donated by the student body. The committee of the Y. W., who was in charge of the campaign, wishes to express its thanks for the support of the students.

Last Sunday's tea honored St. Valentine's day.

The Y. W. room is open for the use of the students on the campus. But the members of Y. W. ask that when you use the room that you leave it clean and straight.

International Relations Club

At the meeting of the International Relations Club held on Thursday February 3, the following new members were initiated into the club: Ann Shaffer, Zillah Rhoades, Glennis Powers, Janet Patterson, Louise Otley, Louise Harris, Zelma Timberlake, Elizabeth Smith, and Lucille Miles.

All of these girls had been given pamphlets on current events to be studied prior to this meeting, and an entertaining question bee was held between the new members. Miss Dorothy Miller conducted the bee which consisted of questions based on the pamphlets. Miss Ann Shaffer was the winner, answering every question correctly.

Zillah Rhoades, one of the initiates, was elected corresponding secretary of the club.

The remainder of the program for the evening consisted of a talk on the Spanish War and political conditions in Spain. The talk was given by Joseph Caragol, a student at the Training School, who has spent several years of his life in Spain. He gave an impartial and enlightening description of the contemporary political, economic, and social conditions in Spain. The members of the club then asked him questions, and a general discussion took place.

on to you.)

Well, I have lost you; and I lost you fairly:

In my own way, and with my full consent;

Say what you will, kings in a tumbrel rarely
Went to their deaths more proud than this one went.

Some nights of apprehension and hot weeping—

I will confess; but that's permitted me;

Day dried my eyes; I was not one for keeping

Rubbed in a cage a wing that would be free.

If I had loved you less or played you slyly

I might have held you for a sum-

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SOCIALITIES



The Misses Ann Hazlett and Arline Garnsey photographed at the EATABITTA PIE DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT.

Why Mil Powell was so busy the day before The Dance, or Why Henrietta Roberts was likewise

Saturday was the night of the Cotillion dance. Mil Powell knew that. So did Henry Roberts and a few others whose names I failed to catch. Mil Powell especially knew it, for Mil was to attend and Mil knew that 'long about refreshment time she was going to be "Powell-Full" empty. So she got up bright and early on Friday morning, the day before the dance, and with the able assistance of her trusted accomplice, Henry, she started preparing the food for the coming night. Mil worked hard. Henry worked hard. They both worked hard. At four o'clock in the afternoon they were still going strong. At seven o'clock that night they were still puttering with whatever Home Ec majors putter with when they are getting refreshments ready. At any rate what I'm getting at is that they worked until 10.00 p. m. Friday night... All I have to say is—Wouldn't it be nice if they both were as anxious to appease their minds as they were there stomachs!

mer more,
But at the cost of words I value highly,
And no such summer as the one before.
Should I outlive this anguish—and men do—
I shall have only good to say of you.

Will.

Reporters note: Don't feel badly girls. It's all patched up now.



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